

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:  
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1906, at  
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of  
Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....	30 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....	\$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....	40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....	\$4.80 per year
Sunday, without daily.....	\$2.00 per year

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Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.

All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1909.

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## ALL OVER—A FOND ADIEU!

Congress is no longer on our hands.  
We chronicle this fact in no spirit of joy,  
but with deep feeling of loss.

Congress may not part with us re-  
gretfully, although a fine brand of  
weather has served to make its pro-  
tracted stay pleasant; but, on our part,  
we are sorry to see Congress go—down-  
right sorry. We do not care who knows it.  
We confess it freely. And we do not  
mind adding that the dog days in Wash-  
ington will be all the hollower with Con-  
gress off our hands.

We do not like all the things that Con-  
gress does—in fact, there was precious  
little in the extraordinary session just  
closed that commended itself to us in  
the very least—but we do like Congress,  
nevertheless.

We like the men who make up Con-  
gress—like them individually and col-  
lectively. However much they may dis-  
appoint and grieve us in their law-making  
capacity; however short they may fall in  
our estimation when it comes to framing  
a tariff bill, we appraise them highly,  
forgive them much, and love them still.

Mistaken though they be as to what is  
best for American mankind, we know  
that they are lovers of their country,  
every mother's son of them, and patriots  
through and through. We tender this  
tribute of esteem to them, one and all,  
excepting none, and mean it, every word.

We treasure up nothing at this sad mo-  
ment. We banish from mind unpleasant  
things. We forget the rash statement  
that the consumer is a myth. All rancor  
vanishes in this sorrowful leave-taking.

We wish Congress well, individually—  
we wish it mightily well—and, longing for  
its return, shall wait impatiently for the  
leaves to fall.

A health in parting to "Uncle Joe" and  
Mr. Aldrich! They are the men who did  
the work of this extra session, and they  
did it well—according to their standards.

A health to the Vice President, ever our  
beloved and only "Sunny Jim!"

A health, in passing, to Mr. Payne and  
his hard-working committee colleagues,  
who rendered incidental but valuable  
service on the side!

A health, too, and a most cordial  
health, to the insurgents who "went down  
the line" and proved steadfast to the end!

And, finally, we wish for the President a  
healthful, restful, and happy summer at  
Beverly. We agree with him fully that it  
is "not a perfect tariff bill, or a com-  
plete compliance with the promises  
made." Indeed, he but feebly expresses  
our view on that particular point. But  
we congratulate him sincerely upon his  
own substantial achievements in connec-  
tion with the legislation, and hope with  
him, and with every other good American,  
that prosperity in fullest measure shall  
be the country's portion and that it  
may continue to grow in strength—in  
spite of all.

The sadness of the parting does not  
rob us of an iota of our optimism.  
Not a bit of it!

## The Watermelon.

Says the Topeka Capital:  
"Luther Burbank has succeeded in developing a  
seedless watermelon. Now, if Mr. Burbank can de-  
velop one that is good to eat, the watermelon will  
be practically perfect."

We suppose, of course, watermelons are  
not grown in Kansas, else we should  
hardly have heard that particular war-  
rant from out Topeka-way. Reasoning further,  
we suppose the only watermelon with  
which Topeka has a speaking—or per-  
haps we should say eating—acquaintance  
is the shipped article. That being so, the  
Capital's pessimism is not unnatural,  
albeit it is sadly aware in respect of truth  
and actual facts.

The planters grow in Alabama, Georgia,  
Texas, and Florida, and other Southern  
States, for that matter, not thousands,  
but millions, of watermelons that are good  
to eat—extraordinarily so, indeed. And  
they are eaten, but by the homefolk in  
the main. And therein lies the trouble  
that agitates the mind of the Topeka Cap-  
ital. The melons cultivated for shipping

purposes are not the best melons to eat—  
no more so than the peaches cultivated  
for the Northern markets are the best  
peaches to eat.

We all remember the fellow who cried  
out razzors, up and down—cried them up  
and down to sell to "poor Hodge, who  
suffered with a broad black beard that  
seemed a shoebrush stuck beneath his  
nose." "To sell" to poor Hodge—mark  
you that—not primarily to shave him.  
So, also, concerning those elegant and  
tempting watermelons shipped North—  
they are grown "to sell" before they are  
grown to eat, gentle reader! Indeed, they  
are!

The melon with a thick rind ships much  
better than that patrician thing that  
boasts a rind of tissue-paper thinness.  
The latter is the real article, and pleases  
the inner man the most of all—but, oh,  
dear, it is so delicate and fragile that it  
cannot stand the stuffy freight cars and  
the long hauls. Under these conditions, it  
withers and grows sick at heart—it plies  
away. So those good Southern planters  
keep it for home consumption, the while  
they send to the maternelness climes a  
thing with a hide that would put to blush  
one of Bwana Tumbo's rhinoceroses, and  
which is good to eat not at all when con-  
sidered in contrast with the other thing  
we tell you of.

And that is why the Topeka Capital  
cries as one with a voice in the wilder-  
ness for a blessing that will never come.  
Kansas people who fain would eat water-  
melon in all of its possible goodness and  
graciousness must go South and partake  
of it on its native heath.

## Factors of Prosperity.

The proverbially rich Kansas farmer,  
local reports indicate, is this year to  
reach the height of his prosperity. The  
wheat harvest was never better, and it  
brings a dollar or so a bushel at the  
railway stations. If the entire crop of  
80,000,000 bushels were sold at once, it  
could give every man, woman, and child  
in the United States a dollar and have  
enough left for seed. If the value of  
Kansas corn, oats, alfalfa, potatoes, and  
sugar beets were equally distributed, it  
is calculated that everybody in the  
United States could afford a two weeks'  
holiday. That is but one of the States  
of the West that this year are smiling  
with prosperity. They know not the  
fear of money stringency, and the voice  
of the croaker is not heard in that land,  
blessed with a happy mingling of rain  
and sunshine.

Expert statisticians predict a cotton  
crop of not more than 11,500,000 bales, or  
about 2,000,000 bales below that of last  
year. There has been excess of rain in  
the Mississippi Valley, and too much dry  
weather in the Southeast and in Texas.  
The outlook is, therefore, for a higher  
price. This will be a condition un-  
welcome in the market of England, where  
the mills in the great factory districts  
are curtailing production. This will re-  
strict consumption, especially of cheap  
goods made in England. The effect will  
be felt in this country in higher prices  
for better grades of goods, which will be  
a deterrent to the output of the mills for  
export. This will affect Southern as well  
as Northern manufacturing communities.

Liberal supply of the raw material and  
moderate prices would promote the  
movement to turn cotton into manufac-  
tured goods before export, for cheap  
foreign labor counts the more when material  
is scarce and high. Abundance of cotton  
at low cost means the prosperity of the  
manufacturing industry.

## Texas Needs Housewives.

A cry comes out of Texas for more  
girls. They are wanted there for house-  
wives, which implies that they must be  
amiable and good cooks. There is no  
objection, be it emphatically stated, in  
the voice of this demand to the best of  
looks; but the exigency is such that the  
brightest beauty would be made more  
radiant by the ability to don a gingham  
apron and in the spotless kitchen evolve  
from the range loaves of well-made  
bread, noble pies, and roasts both tooth-  
some and substantial. The pioneers on  
the pampas are hungry and lone-  
some. The satisfaction of their craving  
appetites demands a menu neither long  
nor foreign, but appetizing and sus-  
taining. Equally important is the ca-  
pacity for companionship. The man who  
has ridden the range all day in solitude  
years for a responsive and welcoming  
greeting when he reaches home. Those  
he would prefer to playing poker or ab-  
sorbing stimulants. Such, at least, is the  
earnest assurance expressed by the rank  
and file of Texan bachelors.

Here is another opportunity to equalize  
the numerical inequality of the sexes in  
different parts of the country. The call  
of the pioneer should penetrate to the  
schoolhouses of New England. There is  
presented a most inviting opportunity  
for feminine migration and for lessening  
the spinster chapter in the returns of  
the census. The supply is equal to the  
demand, both numerically and in merit.  
The want is expressed in the develop-  
ment of a new country. The response is  
to be sought among those who teach the  
young idea how to shoot. Let Texas join  
the great Northwest in looking Eastward  
to meet its matrimonial need. The rang-  
ers may abandon more modern weapons  
for Cupid's bow and arrow, antique, but  
never surpassed in effectiveness by pros-  
aic arms.

## The Portrait Cent.

It is not necessary to despair of the re-  
public because of a portrait, artlessly  
wrought upon a coin, of the President  
whose title of martyrdom was that of  
his savior. Nor should a protest find  
origin in the South, where the name  
of Lincoln is now held in reverence as  
patriotic as is that of Washington. It is  
not probable that the alarm of the New  
Orleans Picayune will find much echo in  
either direction from the Potomac and  
the Ohio. Yet that esteemed but mo-  
mentarily nervous journal finds in the de-  
sign of the new cent what it is moved to  
term "the first visible and outward em-  
blem of the transmigration of the re-  
public into the empire." Nor does its  
prediction seem warranted, just because  
the design of a coin had its origin during  
the administration of Mr. Roosevelt, that  
the day is coming when "a champion, red  
with the blood of lions and crowned with  
the trophies of a hundred victories over  
the savage beasts of equatorial Africa,"

shall return to find the American people  
impatient for the coming of a thundering  
political Jove who shall compel every-  
body to submit to his decrees."

The breezes of the Gulf should bring  
coolness to the latitude of New Orleans.  
The figures of mythological gods and  
goddesses long ago appeared upon coins  
of Greece and Rome, but their civiliza-  
tions survived that adornment. Nor is  
our debt for the portraits of ancient rulers  
lessened in historic value by their ap-  
pearance upon coins. It is a rule that  
only portraits of statesmen who have de-  
parted this life shall appear upon our  
paper currency; but this popular honor  
to the great dead has not impaired our  
political institutions. The Goddess of Li-  
berty is made in her minted image after  
the model of a human being, but that  
more or less anonymous person has not  
been moved to found an aristocracy. Let  
agitation near Lake Ponchartrain be  
calmed, and may the new coins in grow-  
ing numbers continue to irradiate the  
counting-room of this superheated con-  
temporary, that itself flies the name of a  
monarchical coin as its esteemed title.

Automobiles for the President, then  
for the Vice President and the Speaker.  
Logically—why not?—for the Cabinet  
officials, the Supreme Court judges, and,  
ultimately, for individual Congressmen.

That is a very, very curious exposition  
being held out in Seattle. It not only  
started off on time, but its books show  
that it is making money right along!

That pretentious Don Jaime person, if  
he is wise, will, we incline to think, com-  
municate with his Spanish adherents ex-  
clusively by long-distance phone. The  
government of Spain is doing strenuous  
things to those revolutionists it gets its  
hands on nowadays.

Rampant prohibitionists down South  
seem to be having a hard time finding  
the key to the locker club situation.

The Atlanta Constitution of Wednes-  
day carried a highly interesting editorial  
headed, "How to handle a flat-head." The  
Constitution's idea seems to be to hit  
him with a mallet.

While some contemporaries criticize  
Senator Stone's taste and manners,  
precious few express any regrets that the  
porter got his, nevertheless.

A race between downward tariff re-  
vision and a Jeffries-Johnson bout would  
be a Marathon sure enough.

Well, well! Prosperity, it's your move!  
Cheer up! Extra sessions are few and  
far between, you know.

The next species of prize idiot, we sup-  
pose, will be the fool-that-looks-the-  
idiot.

Moreover, if you fool with that Dixie  
legislator who wants to make it a criminal  
offense for a woman to ride a horse  
astride, he probably will introduce a bill  
making it a felony for her to ride at all.  
It does not always pay to get gay  
with these "reformers."

A Paris surgeon claims to have dis-  
covered that a certain operation will  
transform weak-kneed people into gen-  
uine heroes. We suggest the American  
Congress as a fine field of endeavor for  
this man's immediate attention.

By holding so many Chautauqua lec-  
tures here in Washington this summer,  
Mr. Taft has made things even easier  
than ever for Lecturer Bryan.

The Duke of the Abruzzi will please  
note that there are others. An American  
girl has just succeeded in climbing to  
the summit of Mont Blanc.

That noble Prince de Something re-  
ported engaged to Miss Anita Stewart  
is said to be holding out for a much  
larger marriage settlement than the  
young lady's mother is willing to make.  
Still, the young lady's craze for an  
attractive and discredited title will probably  
blind her to the fact that the prince is  
evidently of the usual stripe in such  
cases concerned.

Now that the duty on porous plasters  
has been reduced, we suppose the manu-  
facturers will enlarge the holes.

If Spain were the Democratic party, it  
could hardly be more at outs with it-  
self.

Mr. Roosevelt's petition to be given  
"neither poverty nor riches" is granted,  
so far as we are concerned, and espe-  
cially in the matter of riches.

It is said that Harry Thaw once cher-  
ished an ambition to be a Senator from  
Pennsylvania. This seems to be about  
the limit of the mean things we have  
heard said about Pennsylvania.

What an aching void in Chautauqua cir-  
cuits is about to be filled at last!

Still, if the people do not like the new  
tariff law, they can pour it back into the  
jug next election day.

## ANENT OUR STATESMEN.

Gov. Johnson and the East.

From the New York Sun.

John Johnson, of Minnesota, is the last and latest  
of that mighty race of statesmen who have made  
Western glory by the denunciation of Eastern turpitu-  
dines.

The Speaker's Automobile.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The House of Representatives has voted down  
a scheme to furnish a \$5,000 automobile at the gov-  
ernment's expense for "Uncle Joe." The action of  
the House indicates that "Uncle Joe" couldn't have  
really wanted the machine.

Mr. Gillett's Literary Abstraction.

From the Boston Herald.

Which of the "best sellers" was Mr. Gillett read-  
ing when he lost his vote?

Mr. Roosevelt's African Prophecy.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Oh, Roosevelt, predict a bright future for Africa.  
Presidents he believes that the Dark Continent will  
soon be lighted by the sun of prosperity.

Mr. Aldrich's Next Task.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Having got the tariff out of the way, Senator Al-  
drich is now going to take up the really more im-  
portant work of the National Monetary Commission,  
of which he is the chairman.

The President's Victory.

From the Springfield Republican.

The President is to be credited with having won  
some sort of a victory. He at least partially recov-  
ered the bill from the upward revisions of the Senate.

Mr. Murdock's Uncertain Distinction.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Congressman Murdock has the distinction of being  
the only Kansas in the House who voted against  
his party on the final disposition of the tariff bill.  
That the distinction is an enviable one is not so  
certain.

Mr. Penrose at Home.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Penrose is a United States Senator from Penn-  
sylvania, and is a resident of Philadelphia.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SOFT NOTHINGS.

Just now he sat and held her hand;  
His love he did not aver,  
His sentiments were truly grand  
But quite bewildered her.

So now she sits with wrinkled brow  
And pretty eyebrows bent.  
Recalling all he said just now,  
She wonders what he meant.

She might as well go out and climb  
The mountainside, or swing.  
For when they talk of summertime  
They don't mean anything.

Sufficient Evidence.

"Father was evidently drinking again  
last night."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"He hassed the janitor when he came  
in."

Marrying for Love.

"Love in a cottage is all very nice."  
"Well!"  
"But when a girl has been used to an  
expensive touring car, can she be con-  
tented with life in a runabout?"

To Girls.

Conducted on a proper plan,  
We must confess,  
There's nothing more attractive than  
Unreasonableness.

Social Complications.

"Why don't you like that woman?"  
"She's too sorry for my wife to make  
any great hit with me."

Advancing a Theory.

"Did anyone ever really see an actor  
walking home?"  
"I don't know of anybody who ever  
did."

Subtle Flattery.

"I made a big hit with that woman, all  
right."  
"What did you say to her?"  
"Nothing. I just kept still and listen-  
ed."

DARKNESS ENDED GAME.

Aldrich Lined One Out and It Never  
Came Back.

Ellis O. Jones, in August Magazine's.  
Big Bill Taft, mighty pitcher and cap-  
tain of the Nationals, stepped blithely  
into the pitcher's box. It was the first  
game of the season. The grand stands  
and the bleachers were thronged with ex-  
pectant spectators, for Taft was a prime  
favorite and believed to have many new  
and intricate curves.

At the bat was Aldrich, captain of the  
Senators, and one of the best batters of  
the league. It was a tense moment.  
Taft smiled. Then he signaled to the  
catcher.

"He's going to throw an income tax,"  
whispered a staid reporter in the press  
box. "Watch him. Aldrich will never  
hit it."

A moment more Taft waited. He  
glanced at the rest of the team, no-  
ticed the outfield to play close in, as  
the worst that could happen would be a  
pop-up or a Texas leaguer. He looked at  
the people again and smiled.

Then, with all the grace of a well-  
groomed bovine, he drew himself up  
and sent the ball swiftly over the plate.  
"Strike one," the umpire almost said,  
so sure was he that Pop Aldrich could  
never hit the income tax curve.

Pop knew better. As he saw it  
coming he drew back his hat and met the  
ball squarely. Up and up and away it  
flew, to the consternation of all, over  
hill and dale, fences and skyscrapers,  
and by the time they found the ball the  
game had to be called on account of darkness.

Tale of the Telephone Booth.

From the Boston Traveler.

At twenty minutes to nine the genial  
citizen, resplendent in fresh linen, sailed  
into the telephone booth. It was a hot  
day.

At fifteen minutes to nine the somewhat  
less genial citizen, in somewhat less fresh  
linen, finally managed to attract the at-  
tention of the sweet-voiced hello girl.  
It was—you will recall—a hot day.

At ten minutes to nine a grouchy  
citizen in white linen got his party on  
the wire. It was hot.

At five minutes to nine the wreck in  
question, who had had an entire  
stranger on the line. The day grew  
warmer.

At 9 o'clock the hello girl informed the  
driving wreck that he must not use the  
telephone as a plaything.

At a little after 9 there issued from  
the booth a dilapidated remnant, who  
drew from his pocket a dollar bill and  
first squeezed it from the moisture it  
had collected, laid it on the drugstore's  
counter.

"What's this?" inquired the haughty  
drug clerk.

"One Turkish bath—dollar," said  
the wreck. "I pay for what I get."  
Oh, the joys of modern civilization.

Politics In It.

From the Boston Herald.

Hank Stubbs—Here is a headline in the  
paper says, "The price of silver is  
rising."

Big Miller—Oh, I suppose it's got to be  
so, well, better pay a dollar and a half  
for a silver dollar.

Another Appropriation.

From the St. Louis Star.

"Gracious, Congressman Jinks has gone  
away from the banquet and appropriated  
my comb!"

"Poor Congressman Jinks. That comes  
from his eternal habit of making ap-  
propriations."

THE ROCKING CHAIR FLEET.

Out on the porch of the summer hotel,  
Whether the weather be rainy or fine,  
The rocking chair goes bid quiet farewell  
And draw up the feet in a cooing line.

"Mr. dear, did you see—don't you think—do you  
know—"

"Crack—there's a character goes all to smash.  
Isn't young Sally the forward girl, though?"

"Yes, dear, I heard that they're hard put for  
cash."

The board may be fine and the place may be  
lovely.

By the dearest and the cleverest species of girls.  
The rooms may be cool when the weather is hot.  
The master stew rich when in oysters and pearls.

The clerk may be kind and the waitress sweet.  
But none of these things count for comfort to  
the while.

We know that the chicks of the rocking chair fleet  
Are wallowing there in their gossip so vile.

I dreamed—just a dream, I am happy to say—  
One of these other young people are gay,  
And—pray don't mock me—a friend of the truth;  
Dreaming that I was in a cooing line.

And she had lovers that came by the score—  
Look at her now, so early down her part—  
Laying a scandal at somebody's door!

One of those lovers I dreamed there was who  
Chartered her nursery as she was  
Came back at last as these fiction folk do—  
Only to look on her dear face again—  
Ah me, the horror that filled him! In find  
Her whom he'd known to be pretty and sweet.

Putting all honor and truth far behind—  
Fanning his nose with the rocking chair fleet!  
—Boston Traveler.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS

Civic Pageants in England.

The pageant at Gloucester, Mass., sug-  
gests the growing popularity of such ex-  
hibitions in England. There they have  
become almost annual exhibitions in such  
cities as Bath, Colchester, Winchester, or  
Dover, that have a history continuous  
since the Roman occupation. The chosen  
place is usually a green oval, surrounded  
by tiers of seats. From one end enters  
a group of Britons, and opposite them  
Roman soldiers. They have conflict and  
then disperse. Some episode in the con-  
version of Britons to Christianity or in  
the history or the legends of the Saxons  
provides the next scene. The wars of  
the Roses sometimes afford another;  
and the civil wars of Cavaliers and  
Roundheads a fourth. Finally, there is  
a grand assemblage of all the partici-  
pants. When the weather is good, the  
city reaps a considerable profit.

The Tax on Yachts.

American yacht owners under the new  
tariff will pay yearly tonnage taxes as  
follows: James Gordon Bennett's Lys-  
istrata, \$13,934; W. K. Vanderbilt's Vallant,  
\$12,751; A. J. Drexel's Margaria, \$12,691;  
Mrs. Robert Goetz's Naima, \$11,132; Mor-  
ton F. Plant's Iolanda, \$11,329; Joseph  
Pulitzer's Liberty, \$11,349; Eugene Hig-  
gin's Varuna, \$11,031; George J. Gould's  
Atlantia, \$9,121; Roy A. Rainey's Cassan-  
dra, \$8,589; Fred W. Vanderbilt's Warrior,  
\$7,579; C. K. Billings' Vanadia, \$7,437;  
G. W. C. Drexel's Alcedo, \$6,881; Cornelius  
Vanderbilt's North Star, \$5,726, and so on  
down the scale. The aggregate revenue  
from foreign-built yachts is estimated at  
\$25,000. The tax of 35 per cent on im-  
portation may cause American million-  
aires to buy of American shipyards.

A New Plan of Chicago.

A plan of Chicago, designed for the  
improvement of the territory within the  
radius of sixty miles of the city hall, is  
being exhibited. Its purpose is to af-  
ford maximum convenience for popula-  
tion, with due regard for beauty. It pro-  
vides for an "intellectual center," includ-  
ing the Field Museum, Crerar Library  
and Art Institute, and a "civic center,"  
composed of the Federal, county, and  
city buildings, a wide boulevard connect-  
ing the two. From this diagonal con-  
duffares are to run in several direc-  
tions. A series of concentric boulevards  
can be made of existing roads. Whole-  
sale warehouses may be moved out into  
a great clearing yard for the railroads,  
now entering the city which can be con-  
nected with belt roads. Two central sta-  
tions are planned for passenger traffic.  
The scheme would do away with the  
warehouses on the river, which would be  
lined with boulevards. But the plan does  
not provide any new place for the ship-  
ping, which must go somewhere.

The Advertisement of Alaska.

Alaska would have welcomed the pro-  
jected visit of the President, not only to  
do honor to the Chief Magistrate, but  
for the opportunity to herald more widely  
its value to this country. But that pur-  
pose is being well performed by the Al-  
aska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle.  
It is long since the opinion vanished that  
the United States made Russia a present  
of \$5,000,000 for a valueless area. Now,  
located in Colorado, Alaska is our great-  
est producer of gold. It is a large source  
of our supply of salmon. Its population  
of 15,000 produces new wealth valued at  
\$200,000 a year, and the total value of  
its products during the last year under  
"Seward's Folly" was \$200,000,000. The  
Stars and Stripes exceed \$200,000,000.  
It has become well known that the Al-  
askan climate is as mild as that of North-  
ern Europe. The land once known as  
"